THE

THAT LAY IN THE

JACK BUILT.

A TEMPERANCE POEM.

BY

A. McKILLOP.

THE BLIND BARD.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE FLOOD OF DEATH;

OR

THE MALT

THAT LAY IN

The House that Jack built,

BY

ARCHIBALD McKILLOP,

AUTHOR OF

"Temperance Odes and Miscellaneous Poems," "Land of Song,"
"Canada our Home," &c.

Illustrated by J. W. Bengough, Grip Cartoonist.

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1875.

This is the good the Tirosh wine,
The blessing and the boon divine,

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-five, by ARCHIBALD MCKILLOP, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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PREFACE.

This Poem was written some time ago, at the request of some Temperance friends ; and is now retouched, with some additions ; and for the first time put in print. The original illustrations will, the Author hopes, serve to make it a more acceptable companion to the centre-table ; and attract the young to its perusal.

It has been favorably received when recited by the Author on many public occasions. And this leads him somewhat to believe, that it was not altogether sympathy for his blindness, but that in the poem itself was seen a fidelity to real life and experience, which recommended it. To this extent only, does he recommend it now.

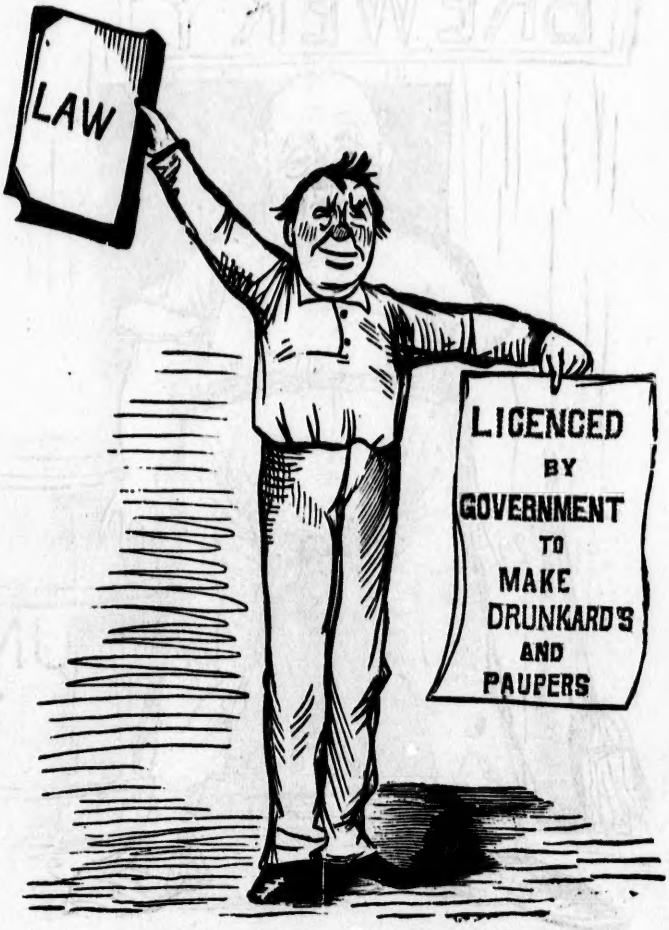
If favorably received by the Religious and Temperance public, the Author hopes soon to follow it by a new and much enlarged Edition of his " Temperance Odes and Miscellaneous Poems," now out of print.

A. McKILLOP.

Inverness, Megantic, Quebec.

Have ye heard of the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built?

Well, this is the Man with Vat and Still,
Who spends his time, his wealth, his skill,
In making drink to poison and kill ;—
Flooding the earth with whiskey swill,
In many a river and many a rill ;—
All made from the *Malt* that lay in
The House that Jack built.



And this is the Government Act and Might,
That gives the Brewer a legal right,
To make, and sell, both day and night,
The stream that flows from the Vat and Still,
In which he spends his wealth, his skill,
In making drink to poison and kill ;—
Flooding the earth with whiskey swill,
In many a river and many a rill.

And this is the man all tattered and torn,
Whose wife and children weep forlorn,
And share the world's cold, cruel scorn ;—
Who spends his earnings night and morn,
According to Government Act and Might,
That gives the Brewer a legal right
To make, and sell, both day and night,
The stream that flows from the Vat and Still,
On which he spends his wealth, his skill,
In making drink to poison and kill ;—
Flooding the earth with whiskey swill,
In many a river and many a rill.

And this is the man with keg and jar,
That stands behind his tavern bar,
And swears how good his liquors are,
And slyly keeps his door ajar—
Enticing the drunkard tattered and torn,
Whose wife and children weep forlorn,
And share this world's cold, cruel scorn.

And this is the Pastor preaching truth,—
Admonishing Age, and warning Youth ;
Raising the standard, speaking for God
When the enemy enters like a flood ;—
Strong in the light of the Temperance star—
Sounding the trumpet loud and far—
Waging an everlasting war
Against the man with keg and jar,
That stands behind his tavern bar,
And swears how good his liquors are !

And this is the true and faithful band,
Still stretching forth a helping hand,
Who take a firm and noble stand,
To drive this death-flood from the land ;
For these are they who understand—
Do good to all, as God's command—
And aid the Pastor, preaching truth,
Admonishing Age, and warning Youth ;
Raising the standard, speaking for God,
When the enemy enters like a flood.

And this is the Pharisee, bold and brave,
Who thanks his God that he's no slave,
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave :—
But who opposes the Temperance band
Still stretching forth a helping hand,
Who take a firm and noble stand
To drive this death-flood from the land.

And this is the Levite stiff and stern,
Who knows enough, and will not learn,—
Who can no path of duty discern,
But passes by with unconcern
To follow the Pharisee bold and brave,
Who thanks his God that he's no slave—
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave.

And this is the Christian saved from sin,
Who hopes eternal life to win,
Yet stands aside with tearless eye
And sees his fellow-creatures die!
Whose faith and practice this, "Who cares
For Total Abstinence? Be theirs
The sin, who pass the Scripture line
Of moderation, drinking wine!"
No Prohibition is his cry,

"Let every man on earth enjoy
The right to choose his Drink and Food—
For *every creature of God is good!*
If drunkards choose to drink and die,
I'm not their keeper, no! not I;
I take a little wine, as Paul
Advises Timothy, and all,
I drink, but never to excess.
Receiving all with thankfulness;
But well he knows it is the use
That leads all sots to the abuse.
He calmly views the Dragon's flood,
Destroying souls at home, abroad,
And sweeping thousands to the grave—
Without one word to warn or save.
Partaker of the Nation's sin
He sips his brandy, rum and gin,
He hates, abhors intoxication
And drinks with pious moderation.
A stumbling-block from day to day,
To lead the weaker souls astray,
A holy man serenely dumb,
Though half the world should sink in rum;
But oh! his memory shall rot
Who knew his duty—but did it not!
For he shall die, and leave this sphere
No better for his living here.
And so will the Levite, stiff and stern,
Who knows enough and will not learn;
Who can no path of duty discern,
But passes by with unconcern,
To follow the Pharisee, bold and brave,
Who thanks his God that he's no slave,
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave.

And this is the man at holy shrine,
Who loves the clusters of the vine,
And says that God with kind design
Has made intoxicating wine,
And even whiskey—a boon divine.
Who teaches the Christian saved from sin,
Who hopes eternal life to win,—
Yet stands aside with tearless eye,
And sees his fellow-creatures die.

And this is the whole of this cursed trade,
What the Pharisee, Priest and Levite said.
And though the language be not fine,
My friends, take this advice of mine—
Withstand the man at holy shrine,
Who loves the clusters of the vine,
And says that God with kind design
Has made intoxicating wine,

And even whiskey—a boon divine.
Who teaches the Christian saved from sin,
Who hopes Eternal Life to win,
Yet stands aside with tearless eye,
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The right to choose his drink and food,
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Who thanks his God that he's no slave,
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave ;
But who opposes the Temperance band,
Still stretching forth a helping hand,
Who take a firm and noble stand
To drive this death flood from the land.
Who read God's Word, and understand ;
Do good to all, as His command,
And aid the Pastor teaching truth,
Admonishing age, and warning youth ;—
Raising the standard, speaking for God,
When the enemy enters like a flood ;—
Strong in the light of the Temperance star,
Sounding the trumpet loud and far,
Waging an everlasting war
Against the man with keg and jar,
Who stands behind his tavern bar,
And swears how good his liquors are,
And slyly keeps his door ajar,
Enticing the drunkard, tattered and torn,
Whose wife and children weep forlorn,
And share this world's cold, cruel scorn,
Who spends his earnings night and morn,
According to Government Act and Might,
That gives the Brewer a legal right
To make and sell, both day and night,
The stream that flows from Vat and Still,
On which he spends his wealth and skill
On making Drink to poison and kill,
Flooding the Earth with Whiskey swill,
In many a river and many a rill,

ALL MADE FROM THE MALT
THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE
THAT JACK BUILT !

O Preacher ! Are there souls to save
From endless woe beyond the grave ?
And art thou set on Zion's wall,
To warn the wicked, one and all ?

Renounce, thyself, the sparkling wine,
And then shall thy example shine
A burning light to mark the way
To life and bliss in endless day.

O Christian ! Are thy sins forgiven ?
A child of God, an heir of heaven ?
Art thou redeemed from every stain,
And doth the Holy Spirit reign
Within thy heart, an earnest here
Of life beyond this mortal sphere ?
Eternal life ! O blissful thought !
With peace and consolation fraught.
O Hope ! O joy ! A Home above ;
Where God is light, and all is love.
And is this sweet assurance thine,
Partaking of thy brandied wine—
Or selling it to those who drink ?
O, young Disciple, pause and think !
What ! if thy Master should appear,
And say to thee, " What dost thou here ?"
Would'st thou be found retailing rum
To sinners, when the Lord shall come ?
If not, then quit the baneful trade,
And elsewhere seek thy daily bread !
O touch not, taste not, handle not,
The beverage that makes the sot !
Ye true Believers, one and all,
O why not wake at Duty's call ?
O why not look around and see
A world in sin and misery ?
O why not wipe the tears that flow,
Where drunkards come and drunkards go !
Rise, bid the homes of sorrow feel
Your earnest philanthropic zeal.—
O come and join the Temperance band,
To drive this death-flood from the land !

When from the wilderness of sin
The Church of God, all pure within,

Returns, Millennial bliss to share,
Shall there be liquor-dealers there?
Or *Groceries* where rum is sold
By selfish men for sordid gold?
Ye Pharisees and Levites too,
Is there but little hope for you?
A haughty, hardened, selfish race,
With little feeling and less grace,
Ye watch the Dragon's flood; and though
Ye drink it not, ye let it flow
In streams of whiskey, brandy, gin,
Rum, wine and ale, through haunts of sin,
Where erring men, from day to day
Retail it out for sordid pay.
Whoe'er destroys the vat and still,
The Devil's servants never will!
  Ye friends of Temperance, still endure
Firm to the end, the victory 's sure.
Union is strength; be earnest now,
And faithful to your pledge and vow.
Have we not good and holy men
Enlisted in our cause? and when
The Kingdom comes, with power and peace,
This trade in Alcohol shall cease:—
And man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brother be, for evermore,
And not a grain, however small
Of Malt, be found on earth at all,
Or in the House that Jack built!

THE TEMPERANCE VOTE.

Free men ! come, record your votes
Where the Temperance banner floats,
And around our noble standard join us in this holy war.
Forward ! forward ! to the front,
Bravely bear the battle's brunt ;
Firm and faithful, true and earnest, strong in union as ye are.

True, the conflict may be long,
For the enemy is strong,
And it's only Prohibition that can lay the tyrant low ;
Still united be our powers,
Till the victory is ours ;
Let us never faint or falter, as in rank we meet the foe.

By our dearest brothers dead,
By the tears our sisters shed,
By the tragic tales of horror in this Canada we love ;
By the wrongs of lovely Woman,
By the wreck of all that's human,
We have sworn eternal warfare, and our help is from above.

Let us strive by earnest prayer,
Let us rise to do and dare,
Till the battered shrine of Bacchus all in ruins we behold :
Till King Alcohol is caught,
And his votaries are taught,
That the dealer's only motive is his burning thirst for gold.

If our tears are vainly shed,
Over " Sins and sorrows" spread.
If we cannot always conquer, we are doing what we can,
While we temperance promote
We can agitate and vote,
And wherever we can find him, still support the temperance man.

TRIUMHP OF RIGHT.

With our banners floating,
Over regions wide,
Human weal promoting
Firm whate'er betide.
We will sing of water
Sing who will of rum,
And Right shall triumph over wrong
Before the end shall come.

While our ranks are swelling
Welcome all who join,
Till from every dwelling
We have banished wine.
While we sing of water
Sots may sing of rum,
But Right shall triumph over wrong
Before the end shall come.

In the world around us
Much there is of wrong,
Why should this confound us
Though the foe be strong.
We will sing of water
While they sing of rum,
And Right shall triumph over wrong
Before the end shall come.

O, ye Legislators
Give us righteous laws,
We are agitators
In a deathless cause.
We will sing of water
Sing who will of Rum,
For Right shall triumph over wrong
Before the end shall come.

Men, in high position
Hearken to our prayer,
Give us Prohibition
Here, and everywhere.
Sound the praise of water
Ring the knell of rum,
We know that Right shall conquer wrong
Before the end can come.

BEAUTIFUL WATER.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it springs from the flinty vein,
It oozes on and trickles down
From the mountain to the plain,
I have drank it so, and well I know
There's nothing like clear cold water.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it comes from the hand of God,
So sweet, so pure, and alway sure
To be found in the fields abroad;
In silvery streams, it glows and gleams,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water!

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it lies in the well so deep,
Or issues forth from the great old Earth,
Where the laws of Nature keep
Their order true, since Adam knew
There was nothing like clear cold water.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it flows in the gentle brook,
It creeps and curls and sings and purls
Through many a flowery nook,
With vigor rife, a thing of life,
O, there is nothing like clear cold water!

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As the crystal fountains play,
Come fill your cup and drink it up,
For it will you thirst allay;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it glides in the mighty river,
So pure! so bright! a flood of light,
It flows and flows forever,
A boon designed to bless mankind,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water!

O, the water! the beautiful water!
'Tis the drink that God provides;
'Tis better than ale or brandy pale,
It is better than aught besides;
Its worth untold is better than gold,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water.